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November 1975

FLASH BACK

Preserving the Past for the Future

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Published
by
Washington County
Historical Society

VOLUME 25 No. 4

FLASH BACK

FLASHBACK is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. All material submitted for publication should be sent c/o the Editor, P. O. Box 357, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701. No payment is made for articles published in FLASHBACK.

Membership in the Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Washington County history. Dues are payable on a calendar basis and are $5.00 annually. Single numbers of FLASHBACK are $2.00.

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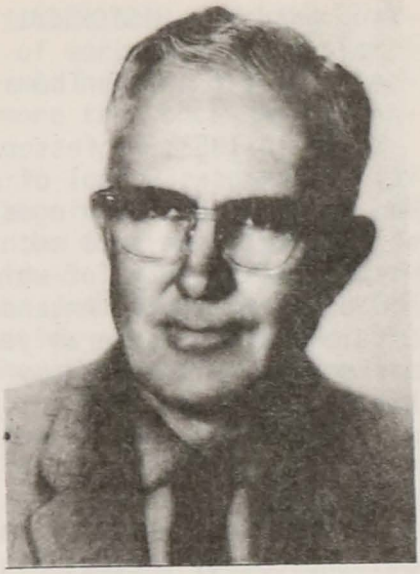
THOMAS ROTHROCK



Thomas Rothrock
1896-1975

The Washington County Historical Society lost an old and valued friend on August 23. Word of Tom Rothrock's death reached us during the Annual Ice Cream Social at Headquarters House. Over a period of more than twenty years he had supported and contributed to the Society.

Born September 15th, 1896 in Burnside, Louisiana, his profession was horticulture before his retirement. He was a 50-year member of the American Legion and had been a Mason for 50 years. Survivors are his wife, Velma Hedges Rothrock; three sons: Dr. I. A. Rothrock of Lawrence, Kansas, Dr. Steve Rothrock of St. Louis, Richard of Arcata, California; and seven grandchildren.

He was buried on August 25 in Bluff Cemetery following services at the Johnson Baptist Church.

For many years he had been a contributor to the Arkansas Historical Association quarterly, and he began writing for the Washington County Society in 1953. He was especially noted for his biographies of outstanding citizens of this county and his authoritative histories of many of its institutions.

All of us will greatly miss his unfailing good humor and his unflagging courage. His impeccable historical research will be difficult to replace. We have in our files the last two articles he sent us, and think the following story of his "cemetery search" is especially typical of his whimsical but determined way of life.

Our thanks to him for a job well done!

HISTORICAL SEARCH PARTY

by Thomas Rothrock

Early in 1953, Professor W. J. Lemke of the University of Arkansas School of Journalism, spoke before the Pen Point Club of Springdale, Arkansas. In the course of this talk, he said much about the Washington County Historical Society, of which he was president. Now, I had belonged to the Arkansas Historical Association in Little Rock for several years so Professor Lemke's remarks put an idea into my head about joining the local historical body. I shortly acted on this idea, and my wife and I both became members.

Lemke had told about experiences in what he termed "cemetery hunting" by which he was attempting to locate all the county's cemeteries and record names and dates on the older stones and the names and dates of the soldiers of all wars. He related how difficult it was to find the smaller and older cemeteries; how he had been bitten by a dog; how he had been chased by a bull, and again by a man with a shotgun; to say nothing of having his glasses accidentally smashed by a fellow worker. I received the impression that the Professor had embarked on a long and hard task and merited some help, so I made up my mind to help him, hoping not to repeat the unpleasant parts of the professor's experiences.

When I broached the subject to my wife she agreed to help me. I have never decided whether her interest in things past was really aroused, or whether she simply considered it her duty, as my wife, to accompany me. Heretofore, she had had only the customary interest in history, which, as everyone knows, is not at all great.

We spent the spare time of three months in searching and in that time we covered the following areas: Trident, Spring Valley, Savoy, Thornsberry, Harmon, Prairie Grove, Cincinnati and Strickler. We commenced in early April while cold, northerly winds swept over the Ozarks, and we finished in the heat of late June.

Our method of locating cemeteries was the time-worn

and simple, but often profitable one of asking questions. We stopped at gangs of workmen, and at stores and at houses and we asked. At no time did we experience any discourtesy, and more than once we encountered outright friendliness.

At one house, I recall, there was a car with a 1953 license. When I knocked on the door a large man answered. I said, "How-do-you-do?" He said, "How are y'all, anyhow?" My wife, who had lived several years in Texas, heard the conversation and laughed heartily. "That," she remarked, "is the old West Texas drawl if I ever heard it."

She helped me on all the larger cemeteries, crawling out of the car with pad and pencil and a groan, first because of the cold winds and later due to the burning summer sun. Groans or not, though, her assistance was duly appreciated.

Some family plots, long in disuse, were hard to locate. There was a plot in the Hog Eye district which had trees a foot in diameter growing in it, and it was considerably off a little-used byroad. I walked and I walked. Once started on any project, I dislike giving it up (as my wife will well attest), but I had finally made up my mind that I could not locate the plot, when I caught sight of a stone amid trees. When I returned to the car, I found my wife in a state of something or other at being left alone so long in so lonely a spot.

Also in the Hog Eye district there was a long, rocky and very steep hill where we had to stop partway up to let the car cool.

Again, we had every reason to believe that there exists a direct route between Prairie Grove and Strickler, but we were never able to travel it. For a reason as yet unknown to us, we always went by Hog Eye, some miles to the east. On the last day we worked in this area, we wound up at Strickler as the shadows of evening were beginning to deepen.

"Now," remarked my wife, "we are all done and we can

enjoy that good road to Prairie Grove for once."

Minutes and miles later, we found ourselves rolling by Hog Eye again.

Some cemeteries bore unusual names such as Bug Scuffle and Eighty-Six. Some stones were unusual, as the old fellow with a wife on either side--all of them under one stone--the wives marked No. I and No. II. And there was "Agard Agamemnon Azukar." To say nothing of "Kate James, wife of Jim James, also Samuel Perkins." Some stones were old, indicating that the ones beneath had been sleeping there for more than a century. Many soldiers of the Civil and both World Wars were located and even one or two of the Revolution.

There was pathos. Too often, stones inscribed "Gone But Not Forgotten" showed distinct evidence of having been neglected for fifty years.

Our last work was in the Prairie Grove and Strickler area. We so informed our Society's president and were dismayed when we received a letter to the effect that that area had already been worked over by a large party. We felt a bit sick in the pits of our stomachs.

"Oh-o-o-o!" groaned my wife. "The hills, the weeds, the briars, the brush, the fences and the snakes! And they've already worked it over. Oh-o-o-o!"

However, we typed out our reports and sent them in. When we received the following message from Lemke, our ruffled feelings were partially soothed, "We had a big party in that area a whole day. Yet you folks got six cemeteries we never found! How did you do it?"

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(Editor's Note: In the February issue of FLASHBACK, we plan to publish Mr. Rothrock's biography of Harold Elgin Henson."

- w c h s -

THE JOSEPH BAKER FAMILY
and Stories about Joshua Baker

by Bobbie Byars Lynch

Joseph Baker, born Feb. 4, 1801, in North Carolina, died Nov. 14, 1859, buried in Pleasant Grove Cemetery, in Benton County, Arkansas (cemetery six miles southwest of Rogers, Arkansas. He was the first pastor of Friendship Baptist Church (1847-1851). Located north of present Friendship Church near Hewitt Springs, this old church originally stood on the Huntsville Road, approximately two miles from present Springdale.

Joseph married Rhoda Rebecca Neal (Neil) about 1823-24, probably in Tennessee. She was born Aug. 10, 1805 and died Aug. of 1886. She is also buried in Pleasant Grove cemetery. She was the daughter of Solomon Neal, who lived in Marion County, Arkansas. (Joshua Baker says "Solomon Neal of Marion County" when telling his stories to S. C. Turnbo). Joseph and Rhoda Baker had the following children:

(1) Russel L., born 1825 in Tennessee was also a minister in 1848. He married Elizabeth Hutchins in 1845 on the 20th of Nov. in Washington County, Arkansas. Their known children: Jane, born 1846; Rhoda, born 1848; Susan A.; Henry, born 1859; and Caroline, born 1863.

(2) Calvin, born 1826 in Tennessee, married Malinda ?, probably in Arkansas about 1847. She was born 1824 in Tennessee. Their known children: Caleb, born 1848; Joseph, born 1850; James, born 1852; Martin, born 1854; Marshall, born 1859; female child F---, born 1864; and Cain, born 1867. All children were born in Arkansas.

(3) Nancy, born 1827, according to census born in Kentucky, married Joshua Fitzgerald Feb. 25, 1847 in Washington County, Arkansas, son of John and Mary Fitzgerald (the John of Fitzgerald Station fame). Nancy died 1892 and is buried at Fitzgerald Cemetery, Springdale, Arkansas. Known children: Cyrene, born in Arkansas, 1848; Marinda, born in Arkansas, 1850; Rhea, born 1854; and Mary, born 1858.

(4) Rebecca, born Oct. 14, 1829 Friendship, Tennessee, married William Henry Holcomb at Shilo (Springdale) in Arkansas, on July 30, 1847. William Henry Holcomb was the son of Rev. John and Dorothea (Wilbanks) Holcomb. This marriage united two of the early ministers of the town of Shilo. Their children were: (a) Infant son named William, born and died May 17, 1849, buried Holcomb Cemetery in Shilo; (b) Rebecca, born and died July 20, 1850, buried in Holcomb Cemetery; (c) Martha Jane, born Aug. 18, 1851, died Oct. 25, 1853, buried Holcomb Cemetery; (d) Ellen, born Mar. 25, 1854, died June 19, 1881, married Oct. 1874, Benjamin Franklin Deaver (son of William S. and Sarah M. /Martin/ Deaver), buried at the Elm Springs Cemetery, had children--Bertha Stella Stearns, born 1879, infant born 1875, and Wm. Shipley, born Apr. 22, 1877, died Sept. 6, 1877, last two children are buried in Elm Springs Cemetery; (e) Calvin B., born Nov. 7, 1856, died May 28, 1926, buried in Bluff Cemetery, Springdale, married Margaret Eliza Huffmaster (daughter of Richard M. Huffmaster) Feb. 8, 1877, had children--James Richard, Ethel May, Sarah Ellen Nicholls, Henry Leroy, Joseph Ernest, Calvin Franklin, and Hugh Horace--and descendants are still in Elm Springs area; (f) John, born July 9, 1859, died Aug. 9, 1866, buried Holcomb Cemetery; (g) William Henry II, born on Oct. 29, 1861, died June 22, 1935, buried Bluff Cemetery, married Mary Augusta Givens on Oct. 24, 1883, had children--William Henry III, born 1887, and Lillian Joiner, born 1892; (h) Dr. Thomas Jefferson, born Jan. 14, 1867, died Dec. 10, 1923 in DeWitt, Arkansas, married Mae Bell Williams in 1889 in DeWitt.

(5) Mary Ann, born 1831, married Sept. 18, 1850 Washington County, Arkansas, to Obediah Kendrick (born in Alabama, 1829), son of John and Eliza Hines Kendrick. Their known children: Melissa, born 1852, in Washington County; Melanda, born 1854; Martha, born 1857; and Lydia, born 1859 in Benton County, Arkansas. The family lived in Benton County in 1860, next door to Mary's mother, Rebecca Baker, and her brother, Joshua Baker. Earlier, Obediah and Mary had homesteaded around the Hewitt Springs area, east of Springdale. At unknown dates, Mary and Obediah Kendrick had twins named Zaida and Zimri. Later research on the Kendrick family re-

veals that Obediah Kendrick lived on a large farm in northern Missouri, and died there sometime after 1920. It was said that he could still dance a good jig when he was more than 90 years old.

(6) Caleb C. Baker, born 1834 in Tennessee, married by 1867, is thought to have gone back to Missouri to live as nothing further is known.

(7) Joshua Baker, born Oct. 6, 1836 in Claibourne Co., Tennessee, married by 1856 to a girl named Mary (born 1840). In 1860 Benton County census, he had: Henry, born 1856; James, born 1858; and Liza, born 1859. He became a missionary Baptist preacher, and according to his own statement came to the northwest part of Arkansas in 1837 when he was 11 months old. He said he was born in Tennessee, yet we know the Baker family was in Missouri before they came to Arkansas. In 1907 Joshua Baker lived in Cedar Creek Twp., in Marion County, Arkansas. Also, he stated his family lived on Illinois Creek, in Washington County, Arkansas, one mile above Prairie Grove in early 1838.

(8) Joseph S. Baker, Jr., born in Tennessee, according to census. Married Jan. 19, 1860, to Adeline Johnson in Washington County, Arkansas, by his brother-in-law, William Henry Holcomb, who was a justice of the peace. In 1860 census shows him living with his wife and widowed mother Rhoda in Benton County, Arkansas. No children known.

(9) Rhoda Louisa Baker, born 1843 in Missouri according to census. Her record is incomplete. Was not married in 1860.

Notes: Rev. Joseph S. Baker joined the church in Harlan County, Kentucky and lived in Clear Creek Township in Washington County, Arkansas, in 1850, next door to Rev. John Holcomb and family. The church minutes of Friendship Church (see FLASHBACK March 1956 - "Friendship Church's First Half Century", by Thomas Rothrock) indicate that Rev. Baker took a part of the flock (51 members) of the Church of Sugar Creek, and formed another Baptist church, sponsored by Friendship Baptist,

to Benton County, Arkansas (Robinette Prairie) in 1853 to become the Pleasant Grove Church, presumably in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery area.

Royal Neil (Neil) born 1819 is believed to be a brother to Rhoda Rebecca (Neal) Baker. These Neil descendants of Royal still live in the Lowell area today.

Rhoda Baker lived with her son-in-law, William Henry Holcomb, in 1880 in Washington County, Arkansas.

S. C. Turnbo Stories Concerning Joshua Baker

(S. C. Turnbo had one book of his "Fireside Stories" published, and one copy of this book is in the University of Arkansas. Twenty-five other books are unpublished, and are in the Springfield (Mo.) Art Museum. S. C. Turnbo was a brother of J. Newt Turnbo, who married Mahulda Johnson, great-granddaughter of Peter and Nancy Graham of West Fork, Arkansas. The stories copied here which concern Joshua Baker are taken from the unpublished "Fireside Stories.")

According to Joshua Baker, "As late as 1840 the Indians roamed the countryside of Northwest Arkansas. We lived at Cane Hill, Arkansas at that time. I remember once when the Ridge and Ross parties were out scouting for each other (the whites would hide), for three days we stayed in a cave. In the cave called "Pawpaw Cave" was...Ned Talkington and his family of eight children, John Strickland and his family of two children, and my family. My brother Russell who was six years(?) older than I, rode to Cane Hill, eight miles from camp, to see if it was all clear." (Note: Joshua Baker tells this story as though he was present, but if it occurred in 1840 he would have been only four years old... Russell could have been fifteen or sixteen. From the story it is not possible to be sure of the exact date.)

"An Appalling Calamity by Lightning" by S. C. Turnbo

"I remember," said Mr. Joshua Baker, "when the town of Fayetteville contained only a few log houses and religious matters began to take a little shape...A few

Presbyterians formed a small church class... There was no church organization of any kind there, but finally a few of the men and women that belonged to the class became interested in having a church house built, and they bought lumber that had been sawed with a whipsaw by old Jimmy Clardy and his son, Wash, in White River Hills east of the village...and built a small house of worship...made up money and bought a small bell and a belfrey and hung it up for use, and they invited Andy Buckhanon to preach and he carried on a series of meetings in this house until a small church organization formed. But as a rule the people were so desperately wicked that...all the preaching and exhortations that Andy Buckhanon and others could do seemed to have little effect in civilizing the wicked existing among the settlers.

"On the day this violent thunderstorm hit in 1843, gamblers were flocked in Jim Sutton's store. In the center of the store was a post and five men were playing cards near this post... Down the street near Sutton's, in a blacksmith's shop, five country men took shelter from the rain, and proceeded to play marbles. A bolt of lightning struck, and in Jim Sutton's store two men fell dead who were playing cards. In the blacksmith's shop, three men fell dead. An anvil was imbedded in one of the men's body. The fury of the storm was so great the lightning had its effects on the remaining men and they were so mean and wicked in their minds they thought God was the one responsible. One of the men in the blacksmith shop crawled off and was found the next day hiding across town, concealed from God, or so he thought. Another man was found in a cellar who had crawled from that blacksmith shop the next day, sick and delirious. The storm at least had its effect. It broke up the gambling dens for a while and at least the people were not so wicked as before."

"A Desperate Fight Among a Small Band of Indians"
by S. C. Turnbo

When Fayetteville, Ark. was a small town it was frequently visited by bands of Indians who indulged in the free use of whisky and fights. Mr. Joshua Baker,

an old pioneer of Washington County, gives the following incident which is only one among so many disturbances in that noted place in the early days of its history.

Mr. Baker said that when he was a little more than four years of age, or in the early part of 1841, his father taken him up behind him one day and rode into Fayetteville. "Soon after our arrival in the village, I seen 20 Indian men and women marching through the village in single file. They went directly to Bill McGar's (McGarrah's) Grocery Store, where there was plenty of whisky for sale. When the front Indian, who was a man, reached the door of the grocery he stopped and the remainder of the men and women closed up and when they had all stopped, the third man in file stepped out of line and walked into the grocery and was gone only a few minutes when he returned to the door with a glass full of liquor in his hand, and passing outside he handed the glass of liquor to an Indian woman who had marched just behind him, and she put the glass to her lips and did not stop until she had emptied the glass of its contents and then she handed the glass back to the man and he went back into the grocery.

"While he was gone, another Indian man who stood just behind the woman that had just gulped down the glass of whisky, stepped out of line and placed himself at the side of the grocery store door with a two-edged dirk knife in his hand, and just as the Indian with the glass full of whisky in his hand had stepped out at the door, he darted in front of him and plunged the keen pointed blade of the knife into the left side of his neck or between the neck and collar bone and jerked it out instantly and the blood spurted five feet high and the Indian fell and expired immediately.

"The result was a big uproar among the other Indians and a battle between them began at once. A number of white men were present and some of them took a hand in the fight.

"Though encounters between the Indians in the early

days was common and combats between the white settlers were not scarce, as young as I was then, I had already witnessed several fights before this one, but among all encounters between men, this one was the most cruel I ever saw. When it commenced my father picked me up and placed me on the top of a Queensware hogshead that was setting endways in front of Sutton's Store where I had a fair view of the fight. I can assure you that it was a hot and bloody one. Knives, guns and clubs were used indiscriminately and when the battle ended, four Indians lay dead on the ground, and five more were desperately wounded and soon died. Other Indians and a few white men were slightly wounded. The moans of the dying and the dead and wounded as they lay together before they were removed, and the stir among the survivors, presented a scene never to be forgotten until my eyes close in death," said Mr. Baker as he closed this interesting account.

The Strange Preacher and the Remarkable Influence He Had on Sinners - by S. C. Turnbo

Among accounts of revivals in the religious world is one given me by Mr. Joshua Baker, a Missionary Baptist preacher who is an old-timer of Washington County, Arkansas. Said he, "Church matters did not take any tangible form at Fayetteville, Ark., until the year 1847, when one day during that year an old man who was afoot and carrying an old ragged gripsack came into town and when he reached the front of Jim Sutton's store door, he stopped and sit down on the sidewalk. While he occupied this seat several men and women passed him, but the old man seemed to be so tired that he hardly looked up. They knew he was a stranger there and the most of them wondered where he was from. In a half an hour or more, Doctor Pollard came along by where the old fellow was sitting and he rose to his feet and introduced himself to the doctor and asked the doctor his name. Then he wanted to know if there was a church house in town and Pollard informed him that there was. The old man now inquired if the people would give him the privilege of preaching in it. 'Of course we will,' said Pollard. 'Well, I would like to preach tonight,' said the old man, and Pollard replied, 'I will announce an

appointment for you,' and the doctor remarked further that he would go and see the trustees of the house and ask them to circulate the appointment and have the bell rung at the proper hour, and the old man thanked the doctor very kind for his courtesy.

"Just before they parted, the old man says, 'I have not had dinner today,' and Pollard requested him to follow him, and he taken him to his house and give him plenty to eat and the doctor invited him to remain at his house, and to make it his home while he remained there preaching, and the old man thanked him and consented to do so. When the hour for evening services arrived, the bell at the church house was rung a long time and nearly all the population of the town turned out to hear the strange preacher. Doctor Pollard conducted the preacher to the house of worship and introduced him to the congregation, and the old man began the services by making a few plain remarks which was followed by a pathetic song that seemed to touch the heart of everyone present, then the discourse followed which was spoke in simple form and language but it had weight and power. It appeared that every man and woman in the house felt the effects of it.

"Just before dismissing the assembly the preacher asked permission of the people if he might prolong the meeting into a protracted one and his request was readily granted. It proved to be an interesting meeting. Everybody in town wanted the preacher to go home with them for dinner, or stay all night, but he refused all invitations and did not visit anywhere except Pollard's where he eat and slept and the house where he preached. The services continued 21 days and nights which resulted in 300 conversions and he did all the preaching himself. Though a number of men and women assisted at singing. Nearly all the old men and old women, young men and young ladies of the town and including a large number of the country people promised by their actions that they were tired of sin and recklessness and would live a better life. The converted included lawyers, doctors, merchants. It was a memorable time. The entire 300 converts were baptized.

"Among them was the famed Judge Dave Walker who was baptized in a new suit of broadcloth. He had the coat which was of the claw hammer fashion buttoned up tight around him. Mr. Walker refused to pull off his boots and was baptized in them. He would have been baptized with his hat on, but he thought it would float off his head under the water and pulled it off. After the converts were all baptized, the preacher, whose name was Robertson, remained a day or two longer to advise the converts to organize a church.

"He told them that they had the privilege of joining any church they desired to, but he said he had rather they would go into the Baptist Church as he was a Baptist himself. As far as I know, no one knew where he come from. On the morning of the day he preached his last sermon to his converts, which was done at midday, Judge Dave Walker and the other influential citizens of the town and county bought a fine horse for $125 and a rig worth $25; beside this they raised $50 in gold, and after the meeting was dismissed, Judge Walker, Doctor Dean and Doctor Pollard were appointed, unknown to the preacher, to conduct the preacher down to the horse rack where the horse was hitched with the saddle and bridle on and on reaching the rack where the horse stood they presented the horse and the rig and the $50 to him.

"The old man was taken by surprise, but was greatly pleased at the generosity of the people. On reflecting a few seconds, he says, 'Brethren, I am told that there are a number of widow women and orphan children in this town that need help and though while I appreciate your kindness in offering me this horse and $50 as a gift, these people I refer to need it worse than I do and with your permission, my brothers, I return the horse, bridle, saddle and $25 of the money you gave me back to you. Please sell the horse and equipment, and add the proceeds of the sale to the $25 I return to you and distribute it equally among the deserving widows and their children.' He now thanked the men in a courteous manner and after tipping his hat to them he walked away from them and as far as the people of Fayetteville, Arkansas is concerned, they never knew where he went to, for that was the last we saw or heard of him."

GRANDMA MOCK REMEMBERS

The Battle of Prairie Grove, fought on a Sunday in December, 1862, was long remembered by the residents of the community who lived through it. For many years afterward, they recounted the details of the deathly struggle, its pains and sorrows, and its heroic deeds.

Fifty-five years after the battle, Mrs. Margaret E. Mock, the widow of John Mock, a Prairie Grove farmer, wrote to a friend:

"My father Hugh Rogers owned a farm and lived on the battleground where the battle was fought. He was the first postmaster in this valley. A number of cannon balls tore through his home; one of these holes he left as a reminder of the War. General Herron used his home for Headquarters is why the house was not burned. My mother was told early in the morning to gather all the women and children in a place of safety, for there would be a battle here during the day. She ran fast as she could from house to house, telling her message, (and) each mother, in frantic haste, took her children, half dressed, to Mrs. Morton's cellar, where they remained all day in dread horror, listening to the cannons roar with only a cessation of the smaller guns.

"The families never saw their homes again; the northern troops burned them. The home of Mrs. Martha West was used as a temporary hospital for the wounded soldiers. Later, they were taken out, and General Herron then occupied a part of her home for his headquarters.

"General Blunt used a church house at Viney Grove after the fight but later went to Rheas Mill and remained till the army left. The Confederate army came over the mountain from Van Buren, and passed my home before sunrise.

"The Reverend Benjamin Pearson, 'Uncle Ben' as he was called, piloted this army as he well knew this route. He called at my door, or gate, to ask if the old time road from here to Uncle Billy Crawford's is still used

as far as the ford of the creek. I said 'You can pass on that way.' He then asked 'Do you know of any northern soldiers in these parts?'

"I said 'None that I know of unless you are one.' He quickly replied, 'My dear Madam: I am a Southern Man.' He knew me, but it was not light enough for me to detect features and faces.

"But soon I could see the Confederate Gray I knew and as the Texas regiment passed I never saw such splendid horses and well-equipped, nor such brave, elegant appearing men. They sat erect, guns in hand, ready for action.

"General Hindman commanded these Confederate troops. Generals Herron and Blunt, each with a strong, well-equipped force, commanded the Northern troops. I put my negro women to cooking that the passing soldiers might run in and get a morsel of food to eat, as many of them did. Among the number I remember was a young, gallant man, Tell Duke of Fayetteville, with the artillery. He said 'Mrs. Mock, before ten o'clock our music will begin. The battle will be on.'

"And with a sad heart I heard the first shots. At his post he was the first to fall. The conflict was fearful, and many were the men who fell from each contending side.

"When the veil of night was thrown over this field of battle, they ceased their fighting that the hungry and weary living might rest and care for the dying. The wounded were taken wherever they could be more comfortably cared for and have medical attention. At the end of the day, General Hindman held the field, but for some reason he saw fit to quietly move his troops back southward, leaving this country in possession of the Northern army, during which time we suffered all the horrors of war. When the Northern army left this part of the country, they took what they had not consumed with them. Everything worthwhile, even our clothes and bedding.

"The only animals I had left on our plantation were one old broken-backed horse they thought worthless but (which) was a great help in time of need, and a very young yoke of oxen. Mrs. Hines and Mrs. Bordon drove these oxen to Ft. Smith to get some supplies for their families and on many other occasions my neighbors used them, too.

"The Yankees, as we called them, did not molest two very old darkeys that stayed with me during the four years of hardships and privations. I helped them peel the bark from trees and dug roots to dye the wool we sheared from the sheep to make our clothes. This was hand-carded, then hand-woven into cloth, for this was our only method to have clothing. Then I cut, fitted, and sewed by hand, all these garments we wore. I had two families beside my own whose homes had been burned and all they had left were a few scant garments they hurried out with to save their families.

"My family at this time, with additions, numbered 20. There were 14 children, two boys, the oldest were 13. All the others were much younger, down to babies, and all of us used to be clothed in the way I described.

"I sometimes now, in thinking over the long gone-by years, wonder how I ever clothed and fed that many. When the Southern soldier returned, his land was about all that was left him. In most localities he found his family housed in the nigger quarters, if there chanced to be any buildings left there, as the Yankee torch had been applied to all the elegant southern homes...

"I have just passed my ninetieth (90th) birthday. I can yet see to read and sew well. My hearing is good. I have never yet had to walk with a cane. When I get old enough I may use one, and even learn to smoke."

(The above letter from Mrs. Margaret E. Mock, 1831-1930, is by courtesy of Frank West and was prepared by Lloyd McConnell.)

LIVING OFF THE LAND

by Ruth Holt Payne

"The farther we get away from the land, the greater our insecruity," said Henry Ford. Back of all our inventions that contribute to the convenience and affluence of our present land style, is the land, stable, indestructible, waiting to be tapped of its resources. Depleted, ravaged by man, it will still respond to our care, renew itself, and cover its scars with new plant growth.

Machinery for cultivating the land and preserving its products has, in its development, kept pace with the increase in population so we are not only able to provide more easily for ourselves, but to contribute excess to other nations. However, looking back at those crude implements the hardy settlers had to use should make us more grateful for our modern toil-saving methods.

The Indians contrived a plow from a sharp rock tied to a stick with thongs and would you believe the first plow in Arkansas was a simple forked stick? "A hardwood sapling of proper size was selected, with a fork at a suitable angle. One prong of the fork was left about 15 inches long and sharpened, the other prong being left longer to serve as a beam. Handles were attached near the crotch." (Herndon's Centennial of Arkansas.)

Everything possible was saved from these hard-earned crops. After garnering and storing the ears of corn in the log crib, stalks were cut close to the ground and shocked to be used for fodder for the stock. Much of the hay was wild, a free gift from the land, but the means of "making hay" were tedious and toilsome. The scythe, a curved blade attached to a long wooden handle, had two short handholds for swinging it. The mower cut the hay in swathes, leaving them behind to sun cure for a while.

It was then raked into piles, the rake being a wooden block about two feet long, four or five inches wide

and four inches thick. Holes were bored in the block where wooden pegs or "teeth" were inserted, and a long handle attached. This clumsy contraption served its purpose but Oh, the aching backs! The wagon was drawn slowly through the field while the hay was picked up and pitched in. The pitchfork? A simple forked stick! One old timer, 89, says the first metal pitchforks here sold for 25 cents.

The hayrake which developed from this hand operated one was horse drawn, with curved iron "spring" teeth. The hay was raked into windrows and left to be hauled in loose or baled. The first baler in these parts was small, and had to be anchored to the ground. A horse was hitched to a lever (pole) and driven in a circle around the machine while hay was fed into a hopper. A plunger about 12 feet long went from the horse power to the hopper to push the hay down into a press which was a steel trough, with slatted sides and adjustable for different size bales.

The amount of hay required for a regular size bale was guesswork, and it took a good guesser to keep them fairly proportionate. When the feeder decided there was enough hay for a bale he dropped a wooden block in the hopper to divide it, shouting "Block!" to the baler who completed the bale by inserting a looped end of a roll of baling wire through the slats and tying it by hand.

Then another block was dropped in, and the procedure continued, the finished bale being shoved out by the succeeding one, block and all. The blocks were picked up by another farm hand and returned to a pile to be used over and over. The amount of benefit derived from this apparatus is debatable but it was another step in the advancement of farm machinery.

In grain harvesting, there was the ancient method of flailing grain from the straw on the threshing floor, still used in early days in America. Oxen or horses were sometimes driven over the floor to tread the grain from the straw. The grain was then picked up by hand and thrown into the air to allow the wind to blow off

the chaff. In our "neck of the woods", the cradle was used for oats, wheat and rye. It was a wooden frame with a row of curved "fingers" above and parallel to a scythe blade. After swinging it against the grain, it was cradled against the knee with the right hand while the left hand threw the grain in piles.

If oats, they must be left on the ground to sun cure a few days before being tied in bundles. Before the days of binder twine, a swathe of its own straw was bound around the bundle, and pushed under, instead of tied. Copperhead snakes were prevalent then, and the before-mentioned old timer says they would crawl under the fallen oats and the gatherer had better look before pushing his hand under them. Wheat bundles were shocked in the field, pending the arrival of a thresher in the neighborhood.

After the cradle came the reaper (mower), horse drawn and geared with a sickle about five feet long, composed of wedge-shaped metal blades riveted to an iron bar running horizontally. As the horses moved forward, the turning blades set the sickle in motion to cut the hay or grain. It had an attachment called a carrier that caught the grain, then ejected it in bundle size which was hand-tied later.

There was a small horse-powered thresher, used sometime after the Civil War. It had to be staked to the ground, else the tremendous horse-(sometimes ox) power required to operate it would have overturned it. As many as four teams were used, and they were hitched to levers (long poles) which were attached to huge gear wheels--perhaps three feet in diameter. As the teams were driven around the machine in a circle they turned the circular gear wheel which, in its movement, turned other gear wheels, which turned the tumbling rod. The rumbling rod ran from the power stand to a cylinder in the separator, turning a system of belts and pulleys which separated the straw from the grain.

The straw was carried out on an endless wire and slat belt to the straw stack while the grain was spouted to the bottom of the machine into baskets and lifted into

the grain wagon. The meshing of gears, the clank and clang of this mechanism must have been intriguing to a small boy in the late 1800s.

From this evolved the much more efficient and exciting thresher developed around the turn of the century, and what a relief it was for the panting and exhausted horses! Many of us remember hearing that puffing and chugging steam engine as it pulled the huge, dinosaur-like thresher with its long neck along the road, as we followed it to the field to watch its performance.

It was moved from farm to farm, leaving great stacks of straw behind for the stock to munch on all winter. The straw was used to refill flattened straw ticks, to make hen nests, and to pad hog houses. During threshing, neighbors swapped work, and the women gathered at each stand to cook the mountains of good food. Not to mention the "camp followers" who were present at every stand to get in on the good eats.

Back to the land--and to methods of preserving its food products. As mentioned in an earlier article, the first method was that of drying fruits and vegetables in the sun. Green beans and strips of pumpkin were strung on strings, and corn was cut from the cob while "in the milk" and dried. Dry beans or whip-poor-will peas needed nothing but shelling. Presumably the peas took their name from the resemblance of their color to the speckled feathers of the whip-poor-will.

There was a root cellar for matured fruits and vegetables, and if there was no cellar, a hole was dug in the ground and lined with straw, papers or old quilts. Then apples, turnips and potatoes were poured in, covered and mounded with dirt, leaving an opening through which they could be reached in winter. A mess of turnips, cooked with a piece of cured meat from the smoke house, made a tasty meal when served with corn bread.

Kraut and pickles were "put down" in brine in stone jars, taken out and put in vinegar for eating. Sugar and salt came in barrels. Those wealthy enough could buy in bulk for canning and preserving.

Other free gifts from the land were wild greens--the sourdock, wild lettuce, lamb's quarters, poke and other plants which were eagerly sought in early spring. Knowledge of the correct ones to pick was handed down. Watercress, growing in spring branches, was tender in the spring, and the woods and roadsides provided wild berries.

The first glass canning jars were viewed with fear and suspicion--until housewives learned they wouldn't explode when handled right. A pinch of acid in each jar of fruit and tomatoes was considered essential for their preserving. There was the cold pack method before the pressure cooker, and this has never faded out entirely.

In 1922 the Lincoln Sun advertised a Dixie Home Conserver "for preserving fruits and vegetables. Either drying or sterilizing, no cooking or canning. Packed in crockery jars from one gallon up." It is described as "no clap trap arrangement but a proven proposition." (I wonder whatever became of that marvel?) Young and Richey managed the Dixie Harvester Company which produced it and Mrs. W. A. Tittle was the agent.

(As many may have suspected, the old-timer from whom I got most of this information is W. C. Payne, retired farmer and apple grower.)

- w c h s -

Moving? Please do remember to send your new address to WCHS. Remember, too, if you live in the Washington County area, that we would like your discarded but usable folding chairs and card tables. Your gifts could save us renting them for the annual Ice Cream Social.

- w c h s -

MARRIAGES IN 1884

by Lloyd McConnell

T. J. Wiggins, 23, and Miss Alice Trammell, 16, of the Springdale area, were married on August 17th, with the Rev. John T. Boyd reading the service.

Joseph Williams, 24, and his 15-year-old fiancee, Miss Sallie McGinnis, both from West Fork, were married by Justice of the Peace H. H. Davis on December 21.

From Maguires Store on White River came J. D. Williams and Miss Nannie Maguire, 22 and 21, who chose March 22 to be wed by L. J. A. Prather, an M. G.

John T. Wilkerson, 30, and Miss Lucy H. Miller, 29, on September 3 were married by the Rev. E. E. Morris.

James T. Williams, 22, and Miss Zelpha E. Conner, 16, a Winslow couple, had their wedding by the Rev. Joseph Waddell. Their date was September 14.

In from Cincinnati, in western Washington County, came Frank Wilson and Miss Fannie Barnett, ages 29 and 22, to obtain a marriage license and be united by the Rev. E. E. Morris on November 6, 1884.

W. M. Wilson, age 23, living at Hazel Valley, and Miss Nancy E. Barker, 17, of the same township, were before Justice of the Peace on March 6th. The Justice signed for them.

Joab A. Woodruff, 50 years old, and Mrs. Mary E. Adair, 31, from the Carter's Store area on Middle Fork, were married by Justice R. A. Rutherford on September 7.

J. L. Woods, 20, and Miss A. P. Strickler, citizens of Strickler, in south Washington County, took their marriage vows before William Johnson, a preacher, on February 8.

T. C. Woods, 22, of summers, and Miss Sarah J. Thurman, a Viney Grove lass of 14, were married by the Rev. J.

S. Cowan. He performed their ceremony on December 4.

J. H. Wright and Miss E. A. Slaughter, 22 and 18 years, both of the Rhea community, were married by a minister of the gospel, E. T. Priestly. Their date, June 1.

West Forkers George A. Yoes and Miss Maggie Greene became husband and wife on September 3, with Justice of the Peace F. F. Curtis assisting. (Wonder why my granddad signed as a Justice of the Peace when he was a licensed preacher.)

G. W. Young and Miss M. E. Floyd, 30 and 25 years respectively, from Durham, came to the Rev. William Penn for their March 7 marriage ceremony.

- w c h s -

Addendum to "Researching Lost Facts" written by Bobbie Byars Lynch in August 1975 FLASHBACK.

Elmo Ingenthron, Historian of the White River Valley Historical Society and a well-known authority on Ozark history, writes as follows to Mrs. Lynch:

"In regard to the county seat of Barry County, the first county seat was at Mt. Pleasant which, according to Goodspeed, was located about 2 miles west of Pierce City. At that time Barry County contained the area later made into 5 counties and part of another. Then, when the present Barry County was organized out of the older and larger Barry County, the interim county seat was at McDonald, sometimes spelled McDowell. I still don't know for sure which is correct. Then, under the 1836 law in Missouri applicable to all counties thereafter organized, the legislature appointed a county seat commission composed of three men from other counties to select the seat of justice for the newly organized county. They selected a site on 80 acres of land given to the county by John O. Bruton. This displeased the people, and they up and voted to move the county seat to Cassville where it has been since."

EARLY SETTLERS - Researched by Lloyd McConnell

These maps show the men who first lived on the lands described.

Sections 11 and 12 are full 640-acre sections. Each square is 40 acres.

Section 11, Township 16 North, Range 30 West lies to the south of Highway 45 and includes the valley through which Crossover Road now runs as well as most of Broadview subdivision.

Section 11, Township 16 North, Range 30 West:

John Wilson 4/12/1837	Moses Campbell 4/14/1837	George McGuire 8/27/1836	Martin Corneilson 10/18/1834
John Wilson 4/12/1837	Moses Campbell 4/14/1837	Charles Byrne 11/1/1854	Martin Corneilson 4/12/1837
Moses Campbell 4/14/1837	Moses Campbell 4/14/1837	James Calender 11/4/1855	William Tibbs 9/27/1837
Moses Campbell 4/14/1837	Moses Campbell 4/14/1837	James Calender 11/4/1855	Joseph Holcomb 12/2/1852

Section 12, Township 16 North, Range 30 West lies on the east side of Fayetteville and is south of present-day Highway 45. A large part of it is mountain on the slopes and top of which are being developed many beautiful homes. The remains of the former home belonging to some early settler are still (August, 1975) visible on the top, surrounded now by paved streets, new homes and a highly developed residential area.

Section 12, Township 16 North, Range 30 West:

Martin Corneilson 1/3/1835	Andrew Byrne 4/24/1837	Barney Brixey 10/18/1834	Barney Brixey 12/7/1835
Andrew Byrne 4/6/1853	Andrew Byrne 4/6/1853	Barney Brixey 10/18/1834	James Cartwright 12/22/1851
Anthony Calender 8/22/1856	Anthony Calender 8/22/1856	Tilman D. Wisenor 12/19/1851	James Brixey
Anthony Calender 12/20/1850	Anthony Calender 12/20/1850	Anthony Calender 8/22/1856	Meredith Cravens 10/10/1859

STAGE COACH HOUSE

by Lloyd McConnell

A short distance south of the Strickler store stands an ancient log house. Across the front runs a narrow concrete porch with roof. A huge rock chimney at the end of the old structure testifies that the occupants of the house in an early day cooked over the fireplace. In the corner of the yard is an old well, now covered with concrete.

Before the Civil War, a stage coach operated between points in Missouri and California, via Fayetteville. The stage coach stopped at the old home, then called the Benjamin Strickler farm, for a rest and perhaps a bit of food, or a night for sleep.

Benjamin Strickler, Tennessee born in 1810, and his bride, Mary Newman, settled on a large tract of land in 1837. A store was built, and likely a blacksmith shop, for the Stricklers were smiths.

Leaving Fayetteville, the stage stopped at Hogeye on the Old Wire Road, then on to Strickler. At that time the old house faced the small creek which now runs behind it. In later years, the road was changed to run on the other side of the old home, and the kitchen was removed, a concrete porch built on, and the house did an about-turn to face the new road.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sherry live in the old home. He is 84 and was born in the house, as was his mother, so the home has been in the family for a long time.

Other remnants of the old stage line are still visible at the old Fitzgerald location in northeast Springdale. Here a rock-walled barn houses the horses which were used to pull the coaches. A part of the old rock wall still remains.

Considerably more than a hundred years of history is symbolized in these old mementos.

OLD CIRCUIT COURT

by Lloyd McConnell

The April 1881 term of Circuit Court extended on into July when the docket showed quite a number of cases unfinished. John B. Vernon, age 20, and Mary Vernon, age 15, petitioned Court for permission to sign deeds to property in which they held an interest, and their petition was granted.

The Missouri, Arkansas, Southern Railway filed many suits against landowners south of Fayetteville, as well as some on the north side of town, asking the Court to assess damages done to their property by the construction of railroads across the lands. Lands in Fayetteville were involved where the depot and switch lines now lay.

The State of Arkansas forfeited a bond made by Thomas Herrall and signed by R. W. Ellis, and Mr. Ellis was compelled to pay in to the court the sum of $1,000.00.

William Maguire sued J. B. Rainwater. Robert Diment, native of England, was declared a citizen of the U. S. He was sponsored by C. L. Summers who testified that he had conducted himself for the past few years as a gentleman and an honest man.

Burtram Bishop demanded a jury trial and received a $400 fine and 15 days in jail for some offense. C. L. Hallem was convicted by the jury for the same offense, and fined $50 and two hours in jail. Both the fines and jail time were reduced by the court to 30 minutes in jail.

Tobe Carr, convicted of a felony, received a term in the penitentiary. The Railroad Company sued on lands south of the county line of Crawford County, asking the court to fix damages done to the lands of people living in and near West Fork. Most of these cases were settled without trial and later dismissed by the Court. Defendants in these cases included F. F. Smith, George Barnett, John Reed heirs, Annie Purdey, F. F. Curtis,

F. Karnes, S. Karnes, and one Guinn.

F. M. Threadgill was fined $350 for failure to report for jury duty. Fines against George Gibson and Howell Hodges were remitted, and George Gibson was appointed as a jury commissioner, along with J. L. Cravens and J. Q. Benbrook.

The Saint Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railway sued Lafayette and Mary Gregg for condemnation of a strip of land 150 feet wide on either side of the center of the railroad and 770 feet long in Section 9, and in Section 4, and was ordered to pay the Greggs $838.75.

Thomas Jennings sued William McIlroy, and the Court found in favor of the defendant, and ordered Mr. Jennings to return a hearse or to pay Mr. McIlroy the sum of $500.

A charge against A. W. and Wash Waits was continued until the next term.

- w c h s -

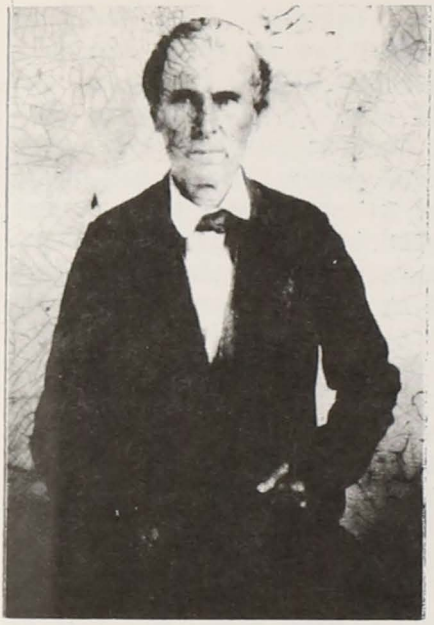
A copy of the Family History of the STURMAN-STIRMAN-STEARMAN FAMILIES, consisting of some 510 pages of genealogical data compiled by Anna Stearman Conner is now in the library of the Washington County Historical Society.

- w c h s -

Gene Thrasher, former county judge, presented a copy of Goodspeed's History of Northwest Arkansas, Washington, Benton, Carroll, Madison and Franklin counties to our Society. Thanks, Gene!

- w c h s -

Francis W. Schruber, Professor of History at Pierce College, Woodland Hills, California visited our office recently. Prof. Schruber is seeking data on a participant of the Battle of Prairie Grove.



Major John Billingsley, born 1801. Came to Washington County in 1828

AN OLD SETTLER - MAJOR JOHN BILLINGSLEY

(From a story in The Arkansas Sentinel (Fayetteville, Arkansas) of June 21, 1877)

"We are indebted to Col. Benj. T. Du Val, of Fort Smith, for a copy of his address on the history of Sebastian County, delivered at Ft. Smith on the 4th of July, 1876. The following letter from our venerable countyman, Major John Billingsley, of Billingsley is introduced in the course of his remarks, and will be read with interest by many of our people.

"Billingsley P. O., Ark.,
June 26th, 1876

"Sir: - In answer to your note of June 21st I have this to say: My father, with two other families, moved from middle Tennessee--Charles Adams and Samuel Williams, six in each family, making in all eighteen persons. It was in 1814 we came to the Post of Arkansas, in a flatboat. There we found a small French and Creole village. The Quapaw Indians lived on the southern side of the river. There we exchanged our flatboat for a keel boat, with an old Indian trader; there was nothing like steamboats on the Mississippi river then. We made our way the best we could, until we got to the Cadron, where we found one of my father's brothers who had moved from Kentucky in an early day. We stayed there one year; then there was a treaty made with the Cherokees. They then lived on the Illinois and Point Remove creeks, on the north side of the river. Some of them lived also on the south side of the river, on

Shoal Creek--that is in Beal's Village. They moved to Texas, to Cherokee county. Then we moved to Big Mulberry in 1816. We numbered about eighty families, and lived there two years, in all the luxuries of life that a new country could afford; such as buffalo and bear, deer and elk meat and fish and honey. And we had pound cake every day, for we beat all the meal that we eat in a mortar; and the first year our corn gave out about six weeks before roasting ears came in; the substitute for bread was venison dried by the fire and pounded in a mortar and made in small cakes, and fried in bear's oil; that hoap us out until forward Irish potatoes came in. We had all things in common. We had no doctors or lawyers in those happy days. The first legislature was held at the Post of Arkansaw. My father was a member. We had no tax to pay but county taxes, as the general government paid all the balance. About that time, Maj. Bradford came to Fort Smith and set up that post, and we furnished him with buffalo meat for the soldiers, and then we got some flour from him, which was a great treat to us. All the way Major Bradford got the mail then, was by sending a soldier to the Post of Arkansaw in a canoe, which took him about three weeks to make the trip. Then the government made another treaty with the Indians, and we moved to the south side of the river and commenced settling all along the river from Ft. Smith to the present seat of government; first, some in McClain's bottom, some at Dardanelle, some on Shoal Creek and so on. And we soon got strict enough to hold camp-meetings, and everybody went and left their houses for a week at a time, and when they came back everything was all right. We then generally built our chimneys up to the mantel piece and hung our meat outside on the ribs of the house. If any man had a lock on any of his doors in those days, he would have been looked on with suspicion. We, about this time, began to get some mail contracts, and soon after that some law mixt in. We had some old fashioned brake downs on a dirt floor, and if any of us lost a toenail, we never said anything about it. You must excuse bad writing, &c.

In haste,

John Billingsley

N. B. - I have a little more time and will go a little further. The county of Crawford at that time contained all of Washington and Sebastian, and the first court that was held in Crawford was held at Fort Smith, by Judge Bates of Batesville. All offices were filled by appointment of the governor, who was Fulton, I think. (Note: This is perhaps a mistake, as Fulton was the third governor.) The first Clerk that was appointed was George Pickett, and the first Sheriff was James Wilson, and the first Esquire was McClane of McClane's Bottom. Well, the way men dressed themselves in those days was by dressing deerskins and making full suits of the same.

There was occasionally a French trader come up the river in large canoes and brought domestics, calico and checks and some earthenware and cutlery. We paid them 50 cents per yard for calico, 37½ cents for domestics, and 40 cents for checks. I gave $4 for the first set of teacups I ever owned, and very common at that; and $2 for a small dish, such as you now get for 50 cents; and $4 for a set of knives and forks, and common at that. We paid for all those things in beaver, otter, bear and deer skins, and bear's oil and beeswax. The first suttler was Capt. Rogers, and he got very rich. So I close at this time.

J. B.

OLD SCHOOL DISTRICTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

by Lloyd McConnell

Many years ago, there were some 160 school districts in the county, each with its own little one-room school house and one teacher for all grades.

Each school district votes its own millage to support the school, and an increase of from five to eight mills called for a showdown among the patrons. The showdown oftentimes ended up in fist fights on election day.

The top blew off of many school districts when the millage was raised to 18 mills, the maximum under the laws at that time. Now it is common for a school district to support a 50 mill tax, some even higher.

The school directors kept their own books on the expenses and salary for the teacher, and issued a certificate which was redeemable at the County Treasurer's office. Many people and some of the teachers found an insufficient amount on hand to the credit of the district and had to discount their certificate of payment in order to cash it in. It was also common for the County to have an insufficient amount of cash on hand to pay the County Scrip to juries, so some financier with sufficient cash on hand would buy the scrip at a discount, and watch the Treasurer's books, then cash it in when new money came into the County office.

Names of some of the old districts are missing from the records, and occasionally a double entry of names would occur. There are many interesting happenings in these old schools, and pleasant recollections, if they could be brought to light. Can you fill in the missing names?

1. Fayetteville
2. Mt. Zion
3. Woolsey
4. Son's Chapel
5.
6. Farmington

2. Jay Bird
8. White Rock
9. Braden
10. Elkins
11. Zion
12. Reiff's Chapel

13. Oak Grove
14. Flat Rock
15. New Hope
16. Round Mountain
17. Evergreen
18.
19. Summers
20. Campbell
21. Monitor
22. Viney Grove
23. Prairie Grove
24. Pilgrims Rest
25. Baldwin
26. Habberton
27. Illinois Chapel
28. Walnut Grove
29. Winslow
30. Mount Olive
31. Shady Grove
32. Vineyard
33. Evansville
34. Mount Comfort
35. Big Springs
36. Shady Grove
37. Brentwood
38. Hubbard
39. Fly Creek
40. Strain
41. Black Oak
42. Appleby
43.
44. Howe
45. White House
46. Black Oak
47. Beaty
48. Lincoln
49. Mt. Pleasant
50. Springdale
51. Stone Wall
52. Burkshed
53. Harris
54. Garrett Hollow
55. Bethesda
56. Glendale
57. Cane Hill
58. Cincinnati
59. Combs Chapel
60. Rock Springs
61. Savoy
62. Prairie View
63. Fall Creek
64. Round Mountain
65. Sonora
66. White Oak
67. Richland View
68. Fishback
69. Shady Grove (Odell)
70.
71. New Zion
72. Stony Point
73. Thomas
74. Tontitown
75. Harmon
76. Sawyer
77. Eureka
78. Mt. View
79.
80. Weddington
81. Renic
82. Colony
83. Apple Hill
84. Salem
85. Hazel Valley
86. Liberty
87. Wickwire
88. Zinnamon
89. Fairview
90. Mineral Springs
91. Dripping Springs
92. Union Star
93. Mountain Top
94. Longview
95. Greenland
96. Sulphur City
97. Bethlehem
98. Meadow Valley
99. Manilla
100. Sycamore

101. Wyman
102. Bethel Grove
103. Holloway
104.
105. Cross Roads
106. Durham
107. Mayfield
108. Goshen
109. Johnson
110. Elm Springs
111.
112. Brush Creek
113. Blackburn
114. Sugar Hill
115. Highland
116. Skylight
117. Mountain Home
118. Cove Creek
119. Sunset
120. Spring Valley
121. Temple Hill
122. Clifty
123. Mountain View
124. Salem Springs
125. White Church
126. White House
127. Belview
128. Pleasant View
129. Oak Grove
130. Buckner
131. Center Point
132. Antioch
133.
134. Sassafras Pond
135. Cross Roads
136. Hickory Flat
137.
138.
139. McDaniel
140.
141. West Fork
142.
143. Amity (Rhea)
144. Mountain Top
145. White
146. Gem
147. Trace Valley
148. Corner
149.
150. Sycamore
151. Cemetery Hill
152. Union Point
153.
154.
155. Pleasant Hill
156.
157.
158. Pleasant Shade
159. Sugar Mountain
160. Miller's Chapel
161.
162. New Hope
163. Dutch Mills
164. New Sulphur
165. Mt. Union
166. Walnut Corner
167. Signal
168. Peaceful Valley
169. Hale

- w c h s -

W. T. Murray, 909 Horn, Muskogee, Oklahoma 74401 would like information as to the family of George REDIN, his brothers and/or his mother Susan Redin. They lived in the Cincinnati, Arkansas area in the 1870s.

HISTORY IN STREET NAMES -- HILL STREET

by Deane G. Carter

At first thought, the name "Hill Street" might be appropriate for any one of several trafficways in a city with Fayetteville's rolling landscape. But Hill Street (now Hill Avenue), south of the University of Arkansas campus, bears the honored name of the third president of the University, General Daniel Harvey Hill, who held the office in the years 1877 to 1884.

Daniel Hill was born in South Carolina in 1821. Both of his grandfathers had been soldiers in the Revolutionary War. He graduated from West Point in 1821 and was assigned to the engineer corps. He served in the Mexican War, then taught in Washington College and in Davidson College for about ten years before becoming superintendent of North Carolina Military Institute.

When the Civil War broke out, Hill joined the Confederate Army and became a Lieutenant General. Afterward he established a magazine, then a newspaper, and accepted the presidency of the University of Arkansas in 1877. Not many men associated with the University have had such a wide and varied experience.

The Thomas-Reynolds History of the University says: "His administration was one of the most efficient in the history of the institution; ... he dropped some of the classes in the preparatory department, reintroduced the demerit system, increased the attendance, and brought the university to the attention of the state. He won the confidence of his students...was of a kindly disposition...and a devout Christian. The unpardonable sin, in his eyes, was drunkenness..."

General Hill was a dominating figure in the government of the University--strong, positive in his convictions, and uncompromising where principles were involved. These characteristics, plus frictions developed among some faculty and citizens, caused in part by the expulsion from the University of several prominent students for drinking, led to bitterness and law

suits and a petition for Hill's removal.

These troubles somewhat marred the last two years of his administration--years in which the president was not up to his former health and vigor. Indeed, he had sought to resign because of his advancing age and ill health but it took the Board two years to agree to accept the resignation. Nevertheless, the verdict of history is that "he left his impress upon the students and the state as but few men have ever done."

- w c h s -

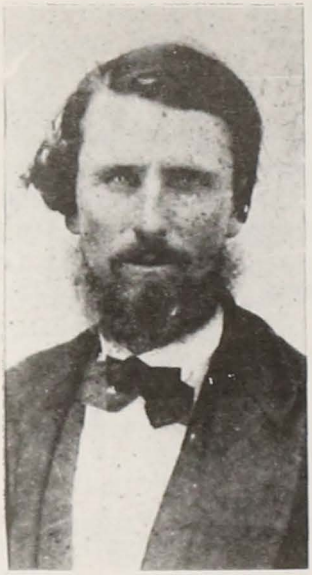
LOST CEMETERY IN CANE HILL

(From the Lincoln Leader, by Conrad Russell)

On one side of the mountain one-quarter mile east of Cane Hill is a burial plot. Not many people know of its existence. I first saw it when I was a boy, possibly 1910 to 1914. There was evidence of some twenty graves at that time. But I have never found anyone who knows when it was in use, or who is buried there. According to stories passed along through the years, it may have been a burial ground for black people in the early days. There were sandstone grave markers at most of the graves, but none has been found with a name or date on it.

Legends claim that William Baily, who was one of the men hanged for the murder of William Wright and four members of his family on June 15, 1839 is buried there. He refused to give the address of any of his people. The story says that permission to bury him in Cane Hill Cemetery was refused. He was then buried on the mountain side. No one seems to know if his was the first grave.

Another legend tells the story of a huge rattlesnake supposed to have a den in one of the graves. Numerous people who claimed to have seen the snake described it as being as large as the calf of a man's leg, to as big as a stovepipe. Some years later, two men out hunting found a snake skeleton about 4½" in diameter near the burial site.



James Edward Little and his wife, Elizabeth Franklin Little, who were homesteaders from Tenn. arrived in the Lincoln, Arkansas area in May of 1836.

The Samuel Rector Little Family photographed in 1881. Seated--Dara Little, Samuel Rector Little, Hollis Little, Nancy Little and Baby Mattie Little. Standing: F. Little, 7 years; Lizzie Little, 15 years.

On July 27, 1975, eighty members of the Little family, from six states, met in Lincoln for a family reunion. A genealogy of the Little family is being prepared for publication in 1976. If you have information, send to Clara Risley, Rt. 1, Box 2, Lincoln, AR 72744.

* * * * *

Mrs. H. G. Hill, 2433 North Fremont, Springfield, Missouri 65803, wishes to contact someone with information about Perry Chauncy (P. C.) Morgan, a school teacher who lived near Wheeler about 1890s. His wife was a Porter. Needs birthdate and parentage of Morgan, etc.

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Mrs. Marie Meehan, 2370 South Lowell Boulevard, Denver Colorado 80219 asks information on the HAWS family who lived in Washington County in the 1880s. Perhaps they came from Tennessee. Warren W. Haws was b. ca 1826 d. 1882; first wife unknown. Children: Lincoln D., John Lewis, M. N. A. (female?). Second marriage to Marie M. FRAKER, d. 1881. Her children from first marriage were William E., b. 1855, Warfford B. and Mike. Warren and Marie's children were: Mary Elizabeth b. 1872 d. 1960 m. John A. EDWARDS: Lewis Bruner b. ca 1873 d. 1951 in Lincoln, Arkansas, m. Note SNODGRASS: M. Florence b. 1877 d. 1919 m. Henry A. EDWARDS. Both girls and husbands gave their residence as Viney Grove, Arkansas. Warren's brother was Thomas Russel Haws b. 1822 Tennessee, m. 1859 Elizabeth CUBENE b. 1838 Virginia d. 1912 Cincinnati, Arkansas. Their children: Nancy, b. 1860 m. D. F. DUNNIGAN; Benjamin D. b. 1861 m. Lurie DAVIS: Sarah, b. 1863; John Patrick, b. 1864 d. 1916, m. Mary McATEE; George Thomas, b. 1876 d. 1944, m. Bessie Dean SMITH. The father of Warren and Thomas could be John Patrick, b. ca 1779. The 1880 Arkansas census spells Warren's name HAUSE and Thomas' name HAUX. Mrs. Meehan would like to know where they came from; where, when and to whom was Warren first married; date and place of his second marriage; burial place of Thomas (believed Springdale) and date of death; burial place of Warren, Marie, and Henry Edwards (grandfather of Mrs. Meehan), believed to be around Prairie Grove, Arkansas. Does anyone have knowledge of this family?

Mrs. L. M. Haupt, Route 4, Box 38, Bryan, Texas 77801, writes: "I am looking for the dates of birth and death and possible maiden name of my great-grandmother, Nancy Ellison, born about 1817, and wife of James Ellison (10/5/1817-2/8/1879). He is buried in Uniontown, Crawford County. I am told by an aunt that she died and was buried in Washington County. She is listed in the Crawford County 1880 census and I believe lived several years after that. Does your county have death records that go back that far? Do you know if anyone has made any survey of the cemeteries of your county, published or not? Thank you for any help."

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Mr. Brent Mount, 4114 Princeton, Garland, Texas 75042 has sent us a genealogical history of the MOUNT families, dating back to England, and covering Ohio, Texas, Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, North Carolina, Illinois, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas and Oklahoma. We thank you, Brent.

- w c h s -

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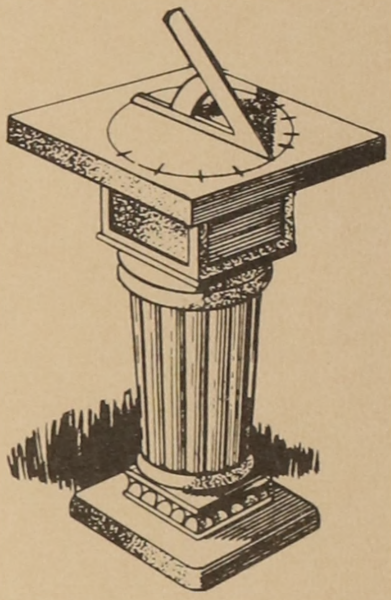

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